

# EAST AND WEST SERIES

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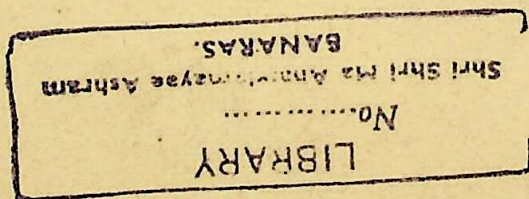
PRESENTED

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## DĀDĀJĪ

By

J. P. VASWANI

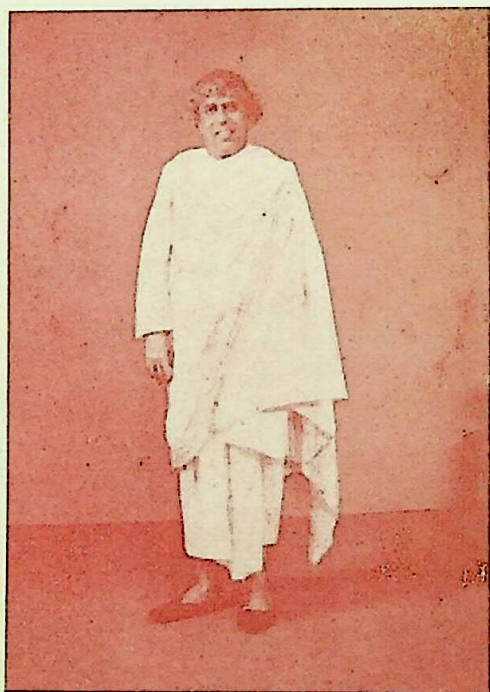


ISSUED ON THE OCCASION OF  
Sri T. L. VASWANI'S 84th Birthday [25.11.63]  
By

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**BELOVED DADAJI**  
**[Sri T. L. Vaswani]**

**The noblest work is to cultivate the soul !**

**—T. L. VASWANI**



9/236

## DADAJI\*

I saw him playing with children. A beautiful smile illumined his face as he threw a ball to the children and the children threw it back to him.

This truly great one whose name has travelled to the five continents, this inspired teacher of the silent way who would have us break the chains of our bondage, this powerful preacher of the Word of God who calls us to a life of communion with the Highest and of service of the lowest, this prolific author whose writings have opened the windows of heaven to several starving, struggling souls,—I saw him playing as a child among children.

And I asked one of the children :—"Who is he with whom you are playing?"

And the child answered :—"I know not who he is. But this I know that he *loves* me!" And the child's eyes sparkled as sparkle the stars in clear, cloudless skies.

This, indeed, is the secret of Beloved Dadaji's life, the secret of his power of attraction and his magnetic influence. He loves us,—and we love him!

A man came from a far country across the seas. He was with Dadaji for some minutes. He looked at Dadaji: Dadaji looked at him. Neither spoke a word to the other. And when this man, bowing before Dadaji, touched his feet and was about to depart, he said to me :—"I cannot express what I have experienced just now. I have felt like bathing in an ocean of love."

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\*Sri T. L. Vaswani, in love and reverence, is called "Dadaji." The word means "elder brother." And Dadaji is, verily, a brother of all men, all races and religions, all nations, a brother of the bereft and bereaved, a brother, too, of birds and animals, trees and flowers, stars and streams,—a brother of all creation.

Yes,—Beloved Dadaji loves all men, friends and strangers, rich and poor, young and old, saints and sinners. His love moves out to birds and animals, trees and flowers, rivers and rocks, stones and stars!

He believes in fellowship with all creation. "The creation of God," he says, "is bound by golden chains to the Feet of the One God, the One Divine Father of us all." At His Lotus-feet are we all one,—men of different religions and no-religion. No one is an alien in the Kingdom of God. All scriptures, he teaches, are custodians of spiritual wisdom. Communism, too, he says, enshrines a truth to which it owes its dynamic character. To Dadaji, therefore, all sectarian strifes and quarrels in the name of religion are due to lack of understanding. "I belong to no sect," he says. "I adore but One God. And my faith is,—to worship the One Mystery and to do good to all!"

He goes on doing good to all. His goodness is transparent. You can see it smiling in every word he utters : you can see it shining in every little thing he does. And this goodness is inspired by his faith in the eternal goodness of man.

Dadaji would fain reveal to us something of ourselves of which we ourselves are not aware. We often think of ourselves as creatures of passion and appetite, children of anger and excitement, hatred and greed. We forget that deep down within us is our real Self, our true Self which is essentially good and beautiful. *Satyam Shivam Sunderam.*

Dadaji knows,—not as a matter of philosophy, but as a matter of existential fact,—that all men are good. There are, in reality, no bad men. Did not Father Flanagan say :—"There are no bad boys"? Underneath the peripheral self of every man is a latent, lingering, basic goodness,—a love for the Beautiful even when he is busy doing ugly things, a longing for Truth even when he is pursuing the falsities of life, an aspiration to Holiness even when he is engaged



upon doing furtive, ignoble, unholy things. The goodness in Dadaji calls out to the goodness in others. And in ecstatic joy he declares :—"All that God has made is good!"

There is a beautiful parable of Meister Eckhart of which Dadaji is fond. In the parable this great German *brahmagyani* speaks of a scholar who, for several years, longs for someone who may show him the way to God. His search takes him to places, near and far. At last, he is brought in touch with a poor man whose clothes are tattered and torn and whose feet are covered with mud. And the scholar greets the poor man, saying :—"God give you good day!"

The poor man gently answers :—"I have never had a bad day!"

Astonished, the scholar says :—"God give you good luck!"

The poor man answers again :—"I have never had ill luck!"

Surprised, the scholar says :—"I do not understand. Be good enough to explain to me."

And the poor man says :—"You wished me good day. But I have never had a bad day. For if I get food, I praise God. If I do not get food, I still praise the Lord. If it freezes, hails, snows, rains, if the weather is fair or foul, I still praise the Lord. And so I have never had a bad day. You wished good luck to me. But I never had ill luck. For I know how to live with God, and I know that what He does is best. And whatever comes to me, be it good or ill, I take it cheerfully from God as the best that can be, and so I have never had ill luck."

"And suppose if God sent you to hell, what would you do?" enquires the scholar.

And the poor man answers :—"Send me to hell? His goodness forbids! But if He did throw me into hell, I

should still have two arms with which to embrace Him. The right arm is that of love and the left arm is that of humility. With those two arms I should so embrace Him that He would have to go to hell with me. And I would rather be in hell with God than in heaven without Him!"

HUMILITY and love,—in these two words is summed up the secret of Beloved Dadaji's life. His humility defies description : and his boundless love moves out alike to the saint and the sinner, to the rich and the poor, to the great and the small, to men in power and to those whom the world tramples upon, every day.

Many of those who come in contact with him are in wonder struck at his humility and love. One who met him for the first time, the other day, could not help but exclaim :—"I have never received such love in all my life! Not even my wife and children have loved me as Dadaji has done, during the few, brief moments that I have spent in his soulful company!"

His humility is the humility of one who has reduced himself to naught. The deepest aspiration of his life is to become the "lowest of the low." Destiny has dragged him, again and again, out of his solitude to perform "great" things in life : but he always feels happy in doing little things.

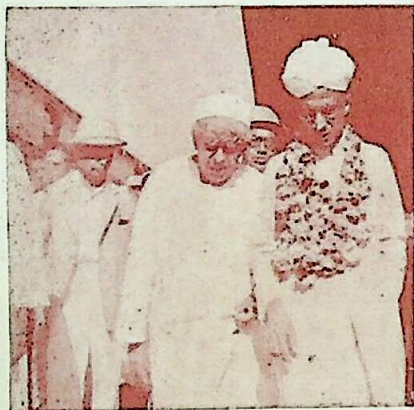
Great was his joy when he swept a room belonging to an "untouchable," and when he washed a beggar's body clean, clothing it in new garments. His face was lit up with joy as he sat at the grinding-stone making flour for feeding the poor. He felt inexpressibly happy when, out of his own hands, he fed the little birds that swarmed in hundreds on the roof of his house, at Karachi.

"What is your ambition?" he was asked by a Press-correspondent. And Dadaji said :—"Every ambition





LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT!



With Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, in 1945



**GUARD OF HONOUR**  
Dadaji being escorted by  
Shri Jamshed Nusserwanji, the mayor of  
Karachi.



---

At the Native Jetty,  
Karachi, where fishes have  
swarmed to eat the pellets  
of flour Dadaji throws at  
them.

---



is a chain which binds us to the earth. I but aspire to become a little one!"

He who becomes a "little one" is like the poor man in Meister Eckhart's parable. In every circumstance and situation of life he feels happy and offers his praise to God. Does he receive the applause of multitudes? He is not elated : he praises the Lord! Is he insulted, abused, reviled? He is not dejected : he praises the Lord! He knows that the Lord comes in many ways. In silence cometh the Lord : and, also, in storm and tempest. In the beauty of the dawn is radiant His Face : and, also, in the glow of the sunset. In the sunshine of spring is the warmth of His presence : and, also, in the autumnal rains!

*In shine and rain,  
In pleasure, pain,  
In loss and gain,  
Alone Thou art!*

*In storm and gale,  
On hill and dale,  
In heaven, hell,  
Alone Thou art!*

And I recall a moving song I heard several years ago. The song was sung by a woman devotee of the Buddha after she had passed through a wonderful spiritual experience. Here is the song :—

*I stood outside the gale of hell :  
I was afraid to enter in!  
But a power greater than I could control  
Dragged me headlong into hell!  
And, lo and behold!  
There were no devouring flames,  
No serpents, no wild beasts :*

*But the gentle lotus was there to greet me,  
And the Buddha himself was there to meet me!  
And so I fear not hell,  
And I hanker not for paradise!  
I rejoice wherever the Buddha keep me!*

This, too, is the faith of Beloved Dadaji's heart. He is not afraid of hell. In fact, he has asked us, over and over again, if we would follow him to hell. And some have shuddered at the thought and shrank back. Dadaji fears not hell : and he hankers not for paradise. Every place, to him, is a good place. Every day is a good day. The day may be dull or unfortunate, but it is just as good. It is this goodness that many have forgotten. And so, living in the midst of comforts and luxuries, they feel restless, unhappy, devoid of the true joy of life.

One day, we asked him :—"What is the mark of the truly happy man?"

And Dadaji answered :—"He amongst men is truly happy who greets suffering as a gift from God even as he would greet what he considers good,—regarding both pain and pleasure as messengers of God."

Not until we grow in this attitude may we be able to shake off our fears and anxieties, our sense of insecurity and frustration, which make our life a burden too difficult to bear. Then and only then will we be truly free, and our lives will be filled with the music of the flute and will become a source of strength and joy to many a weary traveller on the path of life.

A great Japanese sage said to his dear ones, over two centuries ago :—

*Be dead while living :  
Be thoroughly dead,—  
And do what you like!*



*And all is well!*

Die to live,—says Dadaji, again and again. Die to your lower self,—the self of desires and appetites,—and you will live the new life, the true life, the joyous life, the life triumphant, which is your birthright as children of God.

When desires dominate us, we fight for earthly possessions and power. And because we are desire-dominated, there is chaos around us, and creation groaneth and travaileth in pain.

When we asked Dadaji, what is the easiest way to break the thralldom of the lower self,—the self of desires,—he said :—"Love God and serve His children!"

The dominant aspiration of Dadaji's life is to be of service to the poor and weak, the lowly and meek, the neglected and despised ones, the sorrowing, suffering children of God. And these, he points out, "include not merely those of the kingdom of man but, also, those of the sub-human kingdom,—the bird, the beast, the dog, the cow. Are we not all members of the one world-brotherhood,—the one cosmic community? The faith in my heart is strong that in serving the bird and the animal, in sheltering them from the cruelties of man,—who was really meant to be a protector and a guardian of the animal world,—man bears witness to the brotherhood of life."

The one great thing Dadaji repeatedly teaches is that to live is to love. Your heart must be so full of love that there can be no room in it for hatred to anyone. Last year, he was well aware of the dangers of the Chinese invasion. But even in those dark days, when the Chinese were hated by many, Dadaji was concerned for their welfare as human beings.

And I recalled how, centuries ago, when Rabia was asked, "Don't you regard Satan as your enemy?" this

woman-saint of Islam gently answered :—"In my heart is limitless love for my Beloved. And I find there is not an empty corner in my heart for enmity to anyone or desire to fight anyone. By God's grace there is not one whom I may regard as my enemy!"

IN this little booklet have been brought together some of the pictures of Beloved Dadaji taken on different occasions,—mostly without his knowledge. There was a time when he would not permit his picture to be taken. When asked to be photographed, he would invariably answer :—"Photo kam kholo!" "Photo is phantasy, illusion!"

The earliest photograph to which he became a consenting party was the one taken in 1933, when he was getting ready to leave for America to take part in the Parliament of Religions. A photograph was necessary before a passport could be obtained. The photograph was taken : the passport was issued. But, at the last moment, Dadaji dropped the idea of going to the United States. He, however, enjoyed the experience of being photographed : it was pregnant with spiritual meaning. And on his return from the "studio," he wrote the following :—

"I had to send my photo to get a passport to Europe and America. I stood before a photographer. He adjusted his instrument and said to me :—'Be still!' Not to be still would be to get a blurred picture.

"God, the Great Artist, would paint us beautiful pictures. Therefore must we practise silence. The purpose of meditation is to train the mind in stillness. The malady of the modern age is its over-activity, its lack of stillness. Be still to know the Lord!"

When he saw the photograph, he liked it very much. It





BELOVED DADAJI  
[ Sri T. L. Vaswani ]

Many gave me money, saying :—" Here is for your temple."  
I passed on the money to the poor, saying to myself :—"The noblest  
temple is the heart of a poor man who gets food and blesses God ! "

—T. L. VASWANI



Dr. S. Radhakrishnan meets Dadaji after over fifteen years.  
"It is a kind of a pilgrimage for me," Dr. Radhakrishnan said.



Dadaji in the midst of the poor, the lowly and the lost.



was beautiful and bright, radiant with an unearthly light. He saw his own face after a long time : he had not looked into a mirror for a long time. After this, there were many occasions when he did not object to his photograph being taken, though he rarely "sat" for one.

In this booklet are also brought together some of Dadaji's great thoughts,—his ideals and aspirations. These thoughts are selected from his writings, both published and unpublished.

Our age, alas! lives in forgetfulness, and men measure civilisation in terms of money and power. Standing on the edge of this broken, bleeding age, Beloved Dadaji dares to hold in his heart the light of the ideals which alone make life rich and radiant. May some of those, who see him in the pages of this book and hear his authentic voice, recapture some of the thrill of his thoughts and bear witness to it in daily life!

DADAJI was born on November 25, 1879, in Hyderabad-Sind, a land that has given birth to many *dervishes* (contemplatives) and *fakirs* (men of renunciation). He was a brilliant student and, soon after passing the M. A. examination, was appointed as Professor in a Calcutta College.

He was thirty years of age when he went to Berlin as one of India's representatives to the *Welt Congress*, the World Congress of Religions. His speech there and his subsequent lectures in different parts of Europe aroused deep interest in Indian thought and religion and linked many with him in India's mission of help and healing.

Asked to give a summing up of India's message in a few, simple words, Dadaji said :—"This be the message of India through the ages :—Seek the Secret in thy soul! How oft is this ancient message trampled upon, today, by a power-

intoxicated civilisation pealing the shouts of wealth and progress!"

Dadaji became Principal of more than one College in Northern India. There was a brilliant career open to him but he was not out to carve a career for himself. He was forty years of age when his mother passed away. His only link with earthly existence having broken, he resigned his job. He renounced everything to be, in his own words, "an humble servant of India and the Rishis."

He was one of the earliest advocates of Mahatma Gandhi's non-cooperation Movement and popularised Mahatma Gandhi's message through his words, both spoken and written. Of him it was said, in those days, by an American student of Indian thought and culture :—"Who are the leaders of India, today? In the West among the names known for spiritual life and teaching are Mahatma Gandhi, Rabindra Nath Tagore and T. L. Vaswani. India is blessed with Vaswani who asks the youth of India to build a bridge of brotherhood between the East and the West."

Dadaji's main anxiety, today, is that he finds India fast becoming an imitation of the West. "Mahatma Gandhi's name is still on our lips," he recently said; "but I seem to miss his face in our plans and programmes of national reconstruction."

Later, Dadaji turned his attention to education and other spheres, emphasising that character-building is nation-building. He believes that Freedom is integral and that we must not neglect the social and cultural aspects of the movement of freedom. With this in view, he started "Youth Centres" in different places. He opened the "Shakti Ashram" at Rajpur, inspired by faith in the youths of India. In 1933, he founded the "Mira Movement in Education" which has, today, its headquarters at Poona. The Movement was started in Sind and plans were afoot



to develop it into a Mira University when the "Partition" came to paralyse the best efforts of enlightened men in Sind. The emphasis in the teaching passed on in these institutions is that education is a thing of the Spirit and that the end of all knowledge is service,—service of the poor and lowly, the sick and afflicted ones.

A number of humanitarian activities are being conducted at Poona under the guidance and inspiration of Dadaji. They include two charitable dispensaries where hundreds of poor patients receive free medical aid (including costly injections) : St. Mira's College and St. Mira's Schools, where education is given free to poor students; a "Welfare Fund" which sends out financial aid to displaced people in different parts of India; a Home of Service through work where women are given opportunities to earn their livelihood.

DADAJI's message is simple. His teaching, in brief, is that in the love of God and the service of man is the secret of true life.

The modern man, he knows, fights shy of God and religion. To Dadaji, God is the supreme reality of life. The modern world, he says, has divorced God and has forgotten the golden rule of Love, and so is unhappy, restless. In his outlook upon life, he is profoundly religious. But religion, to him, is not a creed, not a dogma, not submission to an external authority of a priest, a dictator, a temple or scripture. Religion is a way of life, a way of understanding. The dream is in his eyes,—of a new religion,—a religion cleansed of creeds, dogmas, a new religion essentially practical, a religion building on this earth, and not merely promising in Heaven, a Kingdom of Happiness.

To build this Kingdom of Happiness on earth, men must

work, toil, labour in the "vineyard of the Lord," helping each other along the difficult pathways of life. So the second point emphasised in his teaching is service of man. "If there is one religion," he says, "which India and the nations need today, it is worship of the poor. Young men! there is the great work for you. It will sanctify your lives. In the cottages of the poor there dwells great God. In their tears and groans, in their prayers and aspirations is His call to you, youngmen!"

Dadaji's own life has been a life of unceasing service and sacrifice. Dr. Rajendra Prasad, then President of India, wrote :—"The life of Vaswaniji has been a saga of unassuming service, spiritual illumination and a source of inspiration to us all."

Dadaji works on, day by day,—wanting nothing for himself, seeking only opportunities to serve the poor, the lonely and the lost. His body is weak and, on account of a fall sustained four years ago, he is unable to stand, but he feels he has "the strength of ten," because in his heart is love and every fibre of his being thrills with faith in man and God. He has kept away from honours of the earth and has always rejoiced in wisdom as his wealth and in the service of the distressed and the oppressed as the treasure of his quest.

Dadaji is never tired of asking us to go and break to the needy the bread in love; for to live is to give. Religion, to him, is not rites and ceremonies, not creeds and conformities. "Religion," he says, "is life, is fellowship, is mingling of the individual with the Great Life. And this is not shut up in the temples. This is moving in the market-place. The Great God is not somewhere in isolation. The Great God is in the procession of life. Greet Him there! You will not find Him in the temples of marble and stone. You will meet Him in the sweat and struggle of life, in the tears and tragedies of the poor. Not in decorated temples,





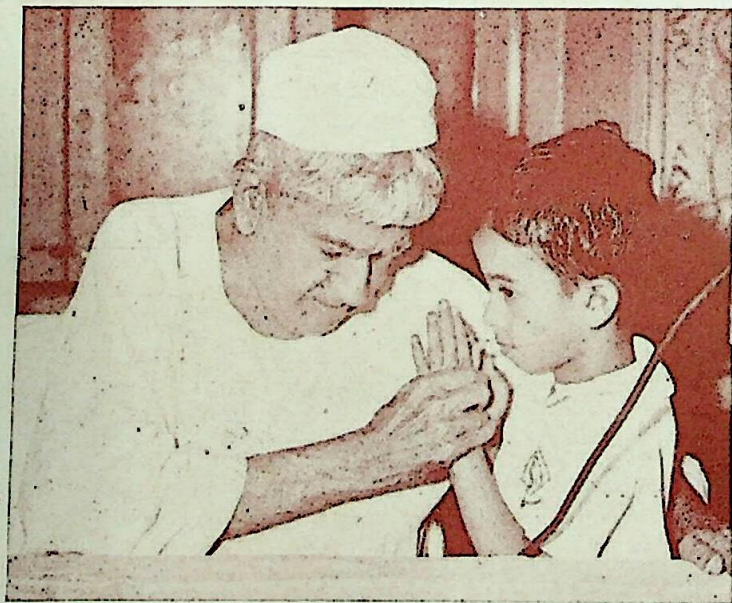
Dadaji weighing corn for the poor. In his heart is tender love for the poor. He feeds them and clothes them. "Service of the poor," he says, "is worship of God."

Dadaji gives a ten-rupee note and his blessing to a sweeper. "Nor caste nor creed is asked in the Court of the Highest !"





**Dadaji with Maharishi Karve, the grand old man of Maharashtra.**



**Dadaji loves the little ones : the little ones love Dadaji.**



but in broken cottages is the Great God,—wiping the tears of the poor and singing His new Gita for the new age!"

BELOVED Dadaji's life is as a flowing stream. The stream flows on, singing the song of love and compassion.

A girl of tender years came, one day, to meet Dadaji. She came from a distant place across the hills. Her devotion to Dadaji was deeper than words may tell. She was called "Aruna." And Dadaji said to her :—"My child! your name is Aruna. What, think you, is my name?"

Quickly answered the girl :—"Dadaji! Your name is Sri T. L. Vaswani."

"Nay," said Dadaji. "Your name is Aruna. And my name is Karuna!"

"Karuna" is "compassion." True it is, that one of the many names of this nameless one, whom we call "Dadaji," is "Compassion." The essential quality of his life is compassion and tenderness for all those whom the cruel world tramples upon, day after day. He judges no one,—not even the thief and the criminal, nor those whom society regards as sinners and "fallen" ones.

For him it is one to behold suffering and to pour out compassion. A poor man met him, one day. Seeing the light of sympathy in Dadaji's eyes, the man said :—"O Friend of the friendless ones! Leaving you, where shall we go? Help me. I starve : my children starve. Give me something!"

"How much would you have, brother?" Dadaji asked.

"No more than ten rupees!"

The brother in charge of the "Welfare Fund" was asked by Dadaji to give to the poor man twenty-five rupees. The amount was immediately given.

Later, the brother who looks after the "Welfare Fund"



said to Dadaji :—"When the poor people meet you, they suddenly increase their demands. This very man, when he met me in the evening, asked for three rupees only, but I was not impressed by his ways and felt reluctant to give him even that much."

Dadaji smiled a sad smile, as he said :—"I do not wonder at their demands. I but wonder that they ask for so little!"

Dadaji has a deep love for all mankind. He has a profound sense of justice. His face reflects pure kindness and love which leave an indelible impression on all who see him. His message is in a few simple words :—Awake! Awake from your slumber of the senses! And receiving the grace of God, go forth into this world, where darkness dwells, carrying with you the light, the one only light,—the light of love! Give your love to all! Share all you have with all! To live is to share, to bear!

In his life and teaching, there is emphasis on work. Life must not be wasted in idleness : life is given us to work. "Work on, while it is day," he wrote in a message to a young man; "for the night cometh when no man may work!" Work! Produce! And whatever you produce you must share with the poor and lonely. "Work thou, O man!" is Dadaji's call to us all. "But forget not that He, the Lord, is the One Worker, the One Inspiration of all work, all activity!"

How different this from the modern cult of activity! The modern man works to make money. He labours from dawn to dusk to gather more and more of the yellow dust men call gold. Dadaji would have us work not that we may gather more and more but that we may give and spend all we have and all we are in the service of the poor and lonely ones.

How lonely is the world! And how sad! Why is it so? Who knows? Who can tell? Dadaji says, we may not understand the why of it. But this we all needs must do. We must invoke the Name of God and we must give of our com-

passion to the sad and weary. We must carry the message of hope and cheer to the suffering and sorrowing ones, the poor and broken ones in this world which, for some reason we may not understand, is a world of suffering and pain.

Most moving are the words which Dadaji wrote the other day in the course of a letter to someone dear to him :—

“I am a hermit. And I live in a house by the side of a road. And I see men move on, some good, some bad, as I am good and bad. But here, by the roadside, I stay with a longing in my heart that I may become a servant of all, a helper of man.”

Yes,—dwelling by the roadside, Beloved Dadaji has become a servant of all, a helper of man, a healer of human hearts. In wisdom and love he helps many of those who struggle through the dark forest of life. His face radiates the love which fills his heart : and on his countenance is the calm born of deep faith in God. “Happy is my heart,” he says, “which rejoices in doing simple daily tasks and leaves the rest to God, the Builder of Destiny.”

With this conviction, in this faith, he keeps on doing his work at his advanced age and in his state of impaired health. He reaches from the chair in which he is seated,—and from which he cannot move,—and touches the hearts and minds and souls of innumerable men and women and children. He gives hope to hearts numb with fear and anxiety. He lifts up the vision of man to the beauty of God. He implores all to believe in the brotherhood of religions, the unity of races, the fellowship of all creation. And his call to everyone who would become a servant and a helper of the race of man is :—

*Work on and faint not!*

*In faith and trust and hope, work on!*

*Work on! Press on! Build on!*

*And sing the song of the Ancient One!*



## THOUGHTS AND ASPIRATIONS

[ Excerpts from Sri T. L. Vaswani's writings ]

TIME is the richest treasure. But many waste their time, not realising how precious is every minute, every second of life.

Take care of your minutes! And do at least one act of service, every day.

I often repeat to myself two lines :—

*Did I meet him on the road?*

*Did I leave him with the load?*

On the road of life leave not him you meet with the load, but be a burden-bearer. Share! Bear! To give is to live.

\*

THE grace of God is life's bread and drink.

To receive it, we must avoid idle controversies and not be dominated by distractions and excitements.

To all campaigns of calumny, to all controversies of falsehood, the best reply is silence.

Silence opens the fountain of God's grace, and its waters are the waters of healing.

\*

LIFE is a tent. The Master spreads it here for some days, then folds it up, and spreads it again elsewhere!

\*

THE good persists. The evil you do must find you out!

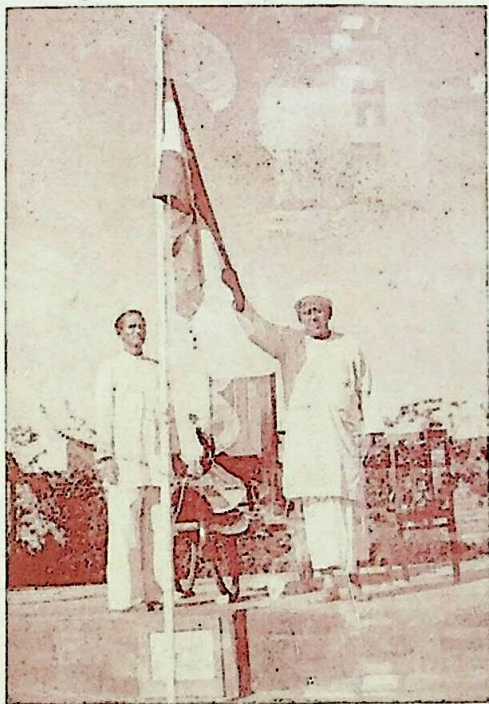
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CHOOSE not, but acknowledge and adore His Will.

Accept the burden His wisdom lays on you.

And believe that every burden is a blessing.

\*



**Dadaji hoisting the National Flag. "The task of freedom is still incomplete...."**



**Dadaji blows a whistle in the spirit of a child. "May I be as Thy little ones,—the rose, the leaf, the lisping child !"**





Not unoften, Dadaji is taken to the trees he loves. There, beneath the canopy of the skies, he offers his worship, recalling the Vedic Rishis of yore. In this picture, Dadaji is seen kindling the sacred *havan* fire.

\*

Each day turn,—as turns the daisy to the sun,—to Him for light.  
In Him is all we need to live and serve. And in His Love is the healing of the heart.

—T. L. VASWANI

A poor old man was shivering in the cold. Some one passed by, searched for a coin in his pocket, found he had none. He lifted up his heart to God :—"I have not a pie to give, but do Thou bless him! Bless this poor old man shivering in the cold!"

Was not that prayer, too, a service? And could it be that the universe heard it not?

\*

THERE is but one sin, the sin of separateness.

There is but one evil, the lust for power or greatness.

There is but one Absolute, the Lord of Life and Love.

\*

LIKE the daisy look up to Him and drink in the sunshine of His Love, every day.

Be a little flower!

\*

I pray not for Heaven, not for any *Devaloka* after death.

I pray not for being "merged" in Him.

I pray that every day I may live in the New that hath no ending, and that living thus, I may love God and serve God and take God in my silence and my work.

\*

BLESS them who treat you ill!

There is a law that takes note of all and gives to each in the measure of his *karma*.

\*

IN this pilgrimage to the ambiguous earth, if you can forgive and bless, you will, I am sure, be rich and radiant in blessings.

\*

EVERY criminal, every sinner, may rise to the stature of a saint.

So hate no one, but give sympathy to all.

Sympathy is the key to right understanding.



WHAT an inspiring thought this that Man and God are friends!

Yes,—in the great adventure of Truth, God and Man are comrades.

To the one Brotherhood, the one Family, the one Realm of Light, belong both Man and God!

\*

STAND up in the divine dignity of your manhood! Ye are the children of God!

\*

ACT in God,—as an obedient instrument of God. So work thou in the world as one who is dead to the world and doeth all in obedience to the Will of God.

\*

LOVE God, and in love find the fulfilment of your life!

\*

To meditate is to prepare to enter into the Presence of God.

He meets us in the depths : we live, alas! on the surface.

Each day then must I into silence go. Each day must I sing the Name and rejoice in the Holy Presence.

\*

PRACTISE silence, and the spark divine that dwells in your heart will grow into a flame of light and shine on, leading you nearer and nearer to God,—the Light Supreme!

\*

OF the renowned Greek, Diogenes, we read that he was, one day, seen alone, absorbed in meditation : and in one hand he held a bone of a distinguished warrior and in his other hand he held a bone of an unknown, forlorn beggar.

Diogenes taught the great truth that the man distinguished and the man moving in poverty, the beggar, were fundamentally one.

We all belong to one brotherhood.

\*

RELIGION? Let us *talk* of it less, *practise* more!

\*

LOVE, love, love even thine enemy.

And though he hate thee as a thorn, thou wilt blossom as a rose!

\*

WHEN love increases, sensation decreases.

\*

WILL you practise *yoga*?

Sit in a quiet and beautiful spot. Go into silence. Meditate. Forget yourself. And be merged in love of the Unseen!

\*

THE grape passes through the press to yield the wine.

Thy life must pass through the press of passion and pain to yield the wine of wisdom.

\*

WILT thou know thyself?

Then be not a wanderer abroad. But go within thyself!

\*

WILT thou enter into peace? Be humble as grass!

\*

BE on guard when a creature inspires thee with desire. For desire is death!

\*

HE who serveth the poor in love is truly blessed, for in his heart the Lord Himself doth come to sing.

The heart of such a man becomes a singing heart.

\*

LIFE's richest treasure is the loving heart that is at peace with all.

\*

BEHOLD! The world is a Garden of God!

Listen! Every leaf and flower, every plant and tree doth



sing the *Bhagavad Gita*,—the Song of the Lord!

\*

LOVE Truth and Truth will love thee.

\*

ON the plane of work or action or *seva* (service), practise detachment.

Serve the poor and needy, but be not attached to any one.

Cling not to a creature, but to God, to the Pure God.

Your inner eye will then be opened, and you will see that the poor and needy, the bird and the beast are apparitions of the One Eternal.

\*

LEAVE not the world! Live with it, but remember he truly liveth who in silence has learnt to renounce his own.





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